

# Good Morning \$60

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Beneath The Surface

With AL MALE

### ETERNAL LIFE.—I.

IT looks as if this week we are not only going beneath the surface, but may find ourselves right down on the seabed, with bombs of criticism going off all around.

Still, we are not without the intention of rising again, I hope.

For Al Male is sick, and the reason for the above sub-heading is that somebody said: "Is there any proof in Christianity of the claim of eternal life?"

So this is a deputy of Al Male calling—yowling, if you like.

The question was asked with a kind of jocular criticism in it. Well, let us have some fun, and give a Roland for an Oliver. And before we fill our ballast tanks (or whatever you call it) and get diving, I want to shoot off a round or two from the deck gun.

It would be easy to reverse the question and say to doubters and cynics, "Can you prove there isn't?" but we'll hold that one.

We'll take the argument (or rather the statement) so often trotted out that Science is antagonistic to most religious claims, and especially to this one.

Of all the half-baked criticisms of materialists this one is about the rawest. It is true that for about eighteen hundred years there was only one definition of Eternal Life before the world. That was the religious definition. And then, unexpectedly, Science stepped in and supported the philosophy, the ethics of the idea.

It was a man called Herbert Spencer, one of the greatest thinkers, who laid it down that to obtain eternal life an organism had to be able to change its environment, its contacts; but it must be able to do this continually.

If it did, then it would live for ever.

Now, Spencer has never been contradicted. He can't be. But we have to note that he is talking here not so much about Eternal Life as about everlasting life. Yes, there is a difference. Spencer was talking about physical conditions.

Yet the great thing that must be emphasised is that here, many others,

from Science, we have the definition—the undeniable condition—by which life may be continued without end.

It all depends on the ability of the organism to adapt itself to any changes that may occur.

When it ceases to be able to adapt itself, then it dies. And that is what happens to man as well as to other organisms.

It is a biological fact that, as a rule, the lowest organisms are the shortest-lived. The rate of mortality diminishes as we ascend the scale.

Complexity in animal organisms is almost always associated with longevity.

Of course, it may be objected that we are taking examples from morbid conditions. Oh, no, we are not! We are seeking the desideratum of something of an exceptional kind that can defy death. And Science itself provided a basis!

The next step is to find something so high, so complex, so able to develop new contacts, that it shall add to its conditions something that organic death is powerless to arrest.

We must, in short, pass from the finite region to a region where contacts are themselves Eternal. For it is a proved fact that while everything depends on its environment, which contributes to its existence, every living thing also contributes to its environment.

To seek Eternal Life, then, we must visualise a perfect condition of environment, as well as a perfect organism.

Let us go to some of the people who deny immortality and see what they say. Why to them first? Because we must know all their arguments in order to reply to them.

Buchner, in his book, "Force and Matter," laid it down thus: "With the decay and dissolution of its material substratum, through which alone it has acquired a conscious existence and become a person, and upon which it was dependent, the spirit must cease to exist."

Vogt said: "Physiology decides definitely and categorically against individual immortality, as against any special existence of the soul."

Thomas Huxley, great biologist, uncle of Julian of present day fame, I believe, said much

about physical conditions.

Can we go on in face of all this attack? Here we are, lying doggo on the seabed, listening to the metaphorical bombs bursting. Do not our hearts die within us at the sound of these barrages?

We started out by saying we'd have some fun, and it looks pretty serious after all, doesn't it?

Still, we'll sit tight where we are, and next week we'll surface and have a look around and get our bearings, and see if we can have reason for wishing you

Good Cheer and Good Hunting.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

# Learn how to use your LEISURE

15 MAY 1944

Dr. William Laing talks of the Days of Rest

ALL through the centuries philosophers have contended that human beings are unable to make the best of the world's cultural offerings because they have to scratch too long and too hard to earn a living.

Give them more time to themselves, the theory goes, and they'll use it in the pursuit of wisdom, science and beauty.

How true is this? Well, a recent mass-observation survey studied the leisure of 5,000—and culture seemed to be treated like an unpleasant disease.

THE craving for entertainment is so deeply rooted in man's nature that, though given more leisure, he would still neglect culture.

The lines of least resistance in a human being go toward cheerful sociability, free play, stimulation of his senses and emotional excitement.

That is why cinemas have flooded the world and the average standard of films is never too high.

That is why a radio set stands in every home.

Would wireless have become popular, one wonders, if from the first it had offered nothing but talks and discussions and only the best music?

When a famous anthropologist, Dr. Henry Nissen, recently drew up comparisons of the way men and chimpanzees seem to be very animal and human progress seems to be debunked.

Here are his estimates:

(1) SLEEP (in a nest at night), ape 11 hours, adult man 11 hours.

(2) RESTING (on ground during day), ape 2 hours, adult man 4-5 hours.

(3) EATING ACTIVITIES (including climbing trees, picking fruit, peeling and shelling, intermittent rest), and

(3a) PRODUCTIVE LABOUR (travelling towards sources of food, water, nesting sites, avoidance of enemies, building nests), ape 6 hours, adult man 6 hours.

(4) SOCIAL and individual play, fighting, sex courtship, grooming, ape 5 hours, adult man 3-2 hours.

Arranged in this way, the activities of the human being seem to be very animal and human progress seems to be debunked.

You and I may suspect there is a catch somewhere, but where?

A moment's thought will show you that Dr. Nissen has treated those four to five hours of "resting on the ground" as though they were spent in vacuous contemplation.

You and I know that they may be devoted to reading and craftsmanship, the acquisition and diffusion of knowledge, to music, to painting and the arts, to science and productive leisure of all kinds. Mind, I said "may be"...

You and I know that there are some folk who take years to learn the right use of leisure. They somehow regard their free time as rightfully and wholly to be devoted to entertainment of the commoner rather than the cultural kind.

Foremost among such folk you can recognise the undeveloped adults who stopped learning as soon as they left school.

Lots of people are like that. They regard education as a tiresome routine imposed upon them by their elders, and they quit it as soon as they can.

They regard schooling as a stupid affair of kings and queens and dates, place-names and grammar and arithmetic. They regard it as finished and think of themselves as fully educated as soon as they leave school.

More than 90 people in every 100 fall into this class. If we relied upon them, the human race would never progress, even at the small rate it does.

Perhaps it's because they were badly taught in the first place. At any rate, they never realise that their childhood schooling is a gift from the State—from their fellow men—and is intended only as a foundation of knowledge.

Imagine how many houses would get built if we left them merely with the foundations laid.

Some boys go to higher schools. In addition to acquiring the foundations they lay the first few feet of brickwork.

Yet they still acquire only a tenth of the necessary learning available to all mankind. They are content to remain nine-tenths uneducated.

If you doubt this, ask yourself how much you knew of the great composers, the great painters, the great achievements of science and medicine, when you left school.

Merely keeping track of current activities in these fields is a job that should take a major slice of your leisure.

In this sense, newspaper columns should be regarded only as signposts directing you to the fields in which you are really interested.

A great deal of course, can be said against the man who devotes his whole leisure time to education.

But don't you agree that worse might be said against the man who devotes as much as he can of his leisure merely to personal entertainment?

The modern world is swept by a flood of entertainment—movies, novels, plays, light-hearted radio programmes, and the demand is stimulated by commercial methods. But just let me quote Prof. Lee Thorndike, director of the Institute of Educational Research at Columbia University.

"Men will follow the true gods of truth or beauty or virtue or utility for the common good," he declares. "They will follow the true gods as readily as the false god of entertainment if they are shown the right path by example and have their feet set upon it by habit."

Is this true? Do you believe that men can learn to spend their leisure wisely? Is the modern world wrong in devoting too much time to entertainment? I'll leave it to you to work it out—for yourself.



## When you played the organ, O/S Peter Boyle

YOU submariners who don't believe that absence makes the love grow fonder had better take for example the case of O/S Peter Boyle.

Peter, like anyone else, has always had his failings, and when he was at home his greatest was undoubtedly his over enthusiastic organ playing. "I wish I'd never bought the organ for you," his mother would often say.

Don't get the idea that Peter wasn't born to be a musician. He played the instrument well, and no one ever disputed it.

But this fellow never knew when to stop, and his mother's remarks were made on the many occasions when Peter would still be swinging away at midnight and in the early hours of the morning when the rest of the family were in bed and wanted sleep.

Now the organ hasn't been played so much while Peter has been at sea, and when "Good Morning" representatives called at 154, Crook-street, Bolton, Lancs., instead of finding Peter's mother wishing she'd never

bought the organ, they found her wishing Peter was there to play it.

"If he were home now I'd let him go through his repertoire till the old organ broke down in protest of overwork," his mother told us. "I wouldn't care if he played 24 hours a day."

We hadn't been in the house long, Peter, before your favourite tune, "In the Mood," was mentioned. Your mother tells us that she's asked the B.B.C. to include it in a special programme of requests for the Forces. Listen out.

And just so the organ at No. 154 won't go rusty while you're away, sister Eileen, on occasions, tries to play "In the Mood." Mother says you play it much better, but we have a feeling that Eileen is coming on fast, and that you'll soon be hearing formidable competition.

Eileen thanks you for the birthday cable, by the way. That makes her sweet sixteen, doesn't it?

Family and friends are all well. Good Hunting!

The various modes of worship, which prevailed in the Roman world, were all considered by the people as equally true; by the philosopher as equally false; and by the magistrate as equally useful.

Gibbon, "Decline and fall of the Roman Empire."

It has been a thousand times observed, and I must observe it once more, that the hours we pass with happy prospects in view are more pleasing than those crowned with fruition.

Goldsmith.

Perhaps the self-same song that found a path through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home, she stood in tears amid the alien corn; The same that oftentimes hath charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Keats, "Ode to a Nightingale."

This was the "Day" foretold by yours and you In whispers here and there with beery clamours— You and your rat-hole spies and blustering crew Of loud Potsdamer. And lo, there dawns another, swift and stern, When on the wheels of wrath, by Justice's token, Breaker of God's own Peace, you shall in turn Yourself be broken.

Sir Owen Seaman, "To the German Kaiser, August, 1914.

Sweet is the scene where genial friendship plays The pleasing game of interchanging praise.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Now let us thank the Eternal Power: convinced That Heaven but tries our virtue by affliction— That oft the cloud which wraps the present hour Serves but to brighten all our future days.

John Brown (1715-1766).

Show me a man who cares no more for one place than another, and I will show you in that same person one who loves nothing but himself. Beware of those who are homeless by choice.

Southey.

At my devotion I love to use the civility of my knee, my hat, and hand.

Sir Thomas Browne.



## Crystal Palace to Sparkle again

(Report by Hector Hunt)

"A GLEAMING 'Palace of Glass,' the home of happiness, and always good value for money."

That is how a famous French writer described the Crystal Palace, in 1935, a year before it was swept by fire—in November, 1936—and it was one of the best ever given of 'The Palace.'

Now, after being out of the public eye for several years, Crystal Palace is again "Front Page News." You see, they're planning to build a bigger and better "Palace."

But, before examining the latest developments, it is most interesting to look back into the history of the original Crystal Palace.

It was first erected in Hyde Park to house the great exhibition of 1851. When this was finished the task of moving the palace of glass to Sydenham, South-East London, commenced.

If all the panes of glass had been put end to end they would have stretched for 242 miles; side by side, 48 miles. In all 100,000 panes of glass, weighing 500 tons, and iron-work weighing 9,641 tons, had to be moved to the Palace's new home.

But it proved well worth it. From the new site it was possible to see over many counties, and circuses, exhibitions, brass band contests, fairs, athletic events, first-class opera, concerts, meetings, cricket matches and ballet, livestock shows and football matches, were held.

The F.A. Cup Final used to be held in the Palace grounds, the pitch itself being what was once the bed of a lake!

It took over £1,500,000 to build Crystal Palace, and in later years £300,000 to bring it up-to-date.

During the Great war it became a training "ship," known as H.M.S. Victory VI, and over 125,000 officers and men were trained "aboard."

Many of them gained distinction with the Royal Naval Division.

Until the great fire, which brought about its end, Crystal Palace became the holiday meeting place of millions of Britishers. People from all parts of the country used to visit the Palace because of its variety of entertainment.

After all, it was about the only place in the world in which one could walk from an exhibition or rare paintings to a band concert; from a hall of sculpture into a circus; from a speedway track into a theatre.

Now Sir Henry Buckland, general manager, Crystal Palace Trustees, hopes to see a new entertainment centre grow up when the war has been won.

Exhibitions, big sporting events, first-class opera, concerts, meetings, cricket matches and ballet, livestock shows and youth movements will all find a home there.

Sir Henry also hopes to arrange daily excursions from England, Scotland, Wales and

Ireland; roof gardens half a mile long and illuminated at night so that they can be seen from half-a-dozen counties; a football and sports arena in one big stadium to hold 150,000.

They may sound big hopes, but Sir Henry Buckland has a reputation for accomplishing everything he sets out to achieve. Certain is it that he was the one man to make the Crystal Palace the big success it turned out to be after a long period of being a "white elephant."

Only a short time ago Manager Buckland presented to the Crystal Palace Trustees an optimistic picture of the future of the 200 acres of freehold ground acquired by the nation in 1914.

He announced, to the surprise of many, that there is now more money in hand than was paid for the Crystal Palace. Investments and cash amount to £236,816 (£6,816 more than the purchase price). The present value of the site is at least £500,000.

Bearing these facts in mind, one can appreciate why it is that those who matter hope to see a bigger and better Crystal Palace built.

And you can be sure that the millions of young people, who heard from their parents about the wonders of the old Crystal Palace, will be anxious to visit what will be the finest and most modern entertainment centre in the world; a centre that will cater for every taste.

ist, trained to the job, can make a very inferior wine exhale such a bouquet that even wine merchants may be deceived. One trick is to take ordinary Californian wine (or African wine), put in a little alcohol (potato), some vinegar, and "fill up with water." The result, if skilfully done, is a fairly good "claret."

Another wine that is commonly doctored is sherry that can be turned into what looks, and even tastes, like Sauterne. How is it done? Add to the small quantity of sherry (real sherry) a certain proportion of citric acid, tannic acid, which give the "dry" flavour, to some alcohol and water. And there you have your Sauterne.

Cherry brandy is often produced by fakers by a mixture of benzoic acid, benzoic ether, acetic acid, glycerine, and a few more ingredients, with an additional trace of cochineal for colouring. And you pay big prices to drink that stuff, maybe!

Most of the expert faker firms employ clever chemists for the doctoring job. Of course, no reputable firm fakes its products. But in these days, when good drinks are scarce, not to mention expensive, the faker is having a field day.

They can palm the most elusive liquids on the common man without raising the slightest suspicion.

For instance, a good chem-

ist, trained to the job, can make a very inferior wine exhale such a bouquet that even wine merchants may be deceived. One trick is to take ordinary Californian wine (or African wine), put in a little alcohol (potato), some vinegar, and "fill up with water." The result, if skilfully done, is a fairly good "claret."

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White wines can be doctored easily enough. Syrup of white sugar is substituted for the tannic acid—and lately I saw a bottle of white wine that tasted somewhat strange. The faker had used saccharine! If you want to add a touch of "age" to your sweet wine, then put in a drop or two of glycerine or glucose.

What! You can't get glycerine or glucose? The fakers of wines know where to get it perhaps; and, anyway, I am telling you all this so that you be careful when you are buying drinks of any kind. You have been warned!

## Were your drinks "Hoochified"?

Russ Sinclair gets Inside the dope

LOOK out for your drinks! There have been some complaints about that, especially in America, drinks for the Services (and other people) have been faked.

Some people, however, are so thirsty that they wouldn't know the difference between whisky and wood alcohol. Wood alcohol has been a substitute for whisky for many years in U.S.A., but now the Japs are taking a hand in the game.

Not long ago a cargo of "foodstuffs" with a large proportion of whisky cases was captured from the Japs. It was found that the whisky cases and bottles were stamped and labelled with the trade marks of a well-known Scotch firm. But that was about all that was genuine—if one can call a stolen trade mark genuine! The so-called whisky in the bottles was the rawest of raw wood and potato alcohol. A stiff glass of it would send a man nearly mad.

As a matter of fact, there are very few people who know how drinks of all kinds are faked. Some of the fakes are legitimate, some are not so much.

Creosote judiciously introduced into bad whisky gives the liquor a peaty flavour that is often to be found in

# Silent Men who are behind the Great

(From Howard Johns)

THROUGH the ages Britain and her Allies have been famous for the great leaders they have produced. But always behind the great are other men; clever men who work quietly to assist the leaders to go about their daily work with as light a burden as their duties permit.

Next time you see a photograph of Mr. Churchill, look out for a tall, sharp-featured, good-looking man always close on his heels. You cannot miss him; he wears a black "Eden" hat, and always looks pleasant.

THAT is Detective-Inspector Thompson, M.B.E., the Prime Minister's "shadow." For years he and Mr. Churchill have been friends, and Thompson came out of retirement to resume duties he undertook successfully for many years before the present war. His duty is to keep a weather-eye upon the Prime Minister's welfare. Right well does he perform this work.

Another of Mr. Churchill's "Silent Men" is Commander C. R. Thompson, who is personal secretary to him as Minister of Defence. Of medium height, very dark, and keen-eyed, the Commander is one of the most-travelled men in the country. He first became associated with the Prime Minister when Mr. Churchill was First Lord of the Admiralty. He was his Flag Commander, and did these private secretarial duties so well that Churchill took him to 10 Downing Street when he assumed the Premiership.

They may sound big hopes, but Sir Henry Buckland has a reputation for accomplishing everything he sets out to achieve. Certain is it that he was the one man to make the Crystal Palace the big success it turned out to be after a long period of being a "white elephant."

Quiet and very popular, Commander Thompson has travelled with the "P.M." on most of his trips, and must know some of the war's greatest secrets.

The same applies to Mr. Churchill's Parliamentary Private Secretary, Brigadier G. S. Harvie Watt, who is also M.P. for Richmond. Red-haired and breezy in manner, he has for three years performed duties that would have taxed the courage and skill of any man. Tact and diplomacy are the essentials for work of this type—and Harvie Watt, who is also a director of the G.W.R. Company, has proved that he has both in abundance.

His duties are many and varied, but one of the most

And the world knew, for the first time, of the "Silent Man Behind the Great U-boat Killers."

Another of the same type at the Admiralty is Commander Charles Goodeve, R.N.V.R., Assistant Controller of Research and Development. A 39-year-old Canadian, who believes in conducting the scientific side of war with the same ruthless punch as shown by other branches of the Senior Service, he was Reader in Physical Chemistry at London University before the war.

In his quiet way he has been responsible for the "death" of many an enemy submarine.

Behind Air Marshal Harris, Chief of Bomber Command, is one of the world's greatest organisers. Few know anything about Air Marshal Saundby, yet his organising ability is responsible for the wonderful way in which Bomber Command is always able to crowd into the space of a few minutes the great

Laughter is described by a dictionary as "a convulsive action of the respiratory muscles, accompanied by a succession of short vocal sounds, induced by sudden joy or mirth." You can laugh that off!

The medical system of homoeopathy, introduced by Hahnemann, the German physician, is founded on the principle that like cures like. Diseased conditions are curable by the administration of such drugs as would, if the conditions were healthy, produce symptoms similar to the disease itself. Homoeopathic medicines are given in infinitesimal doses with the idea that the minute sub-division of a drug adds to its power.

There were at the 1921 census in Canada, 12,643 members of the Dukhobortsy sect, a Russian body who deny the divinity of Jesus, reject rites, ceremonies and images, and give a mystical interpretation to the Bible. The sect was banished to the Caucasus in 1841, and in later years the Russian authorities have dealt severely with them.

The Dukes of Norfolk hold the hereditary office of Earl-Marshal, whose duty it is to direct all great ceremonies of state, coronations, and so forth.

rain of bombs they nightly send crashing down upon the Hitler war machine.

Of a quiet, retiring nature, Air Marshal Saundby is known to few people outside the R.A.F.—but the crews of our giant Lancasters, Halifaxes and Stirlings know they can trust him. He is always right. To him Britain owes much. To Saundby, the success of our boys is all that matters to him.

President Roosevelt has a "Silent Man" who performs some very important duties—yet few know how important or what these duties entail. Sixty-year-old Brigadier-General "Pat" Hurley has again emerged from the obscurity he always seeks to receive the American D.F.C. This honour has been awarded him for air flights in "furtherance of the war effort."

Colourful, with a neat line of talk, the Brigadier never says anything about the duties the President orders him to undertake. As a boy of eleven years of age Hurley was driving mules in a mine. Three years later he turned cowboy, and followed this by becoming in succession a roughrider (like Colonel Frank Knox), and a real estate agent. Then he joined the Army and began his climb to fame from the ranks of the privates.

The Far East, Pacific Theatre, Middle East, Russian Fronts, Britain, in fact anywhere and everywhere has Brigadier-General Hurley visited—and to this day even the best-informed journalist does not know what exactly his duties are!

But you can be sure that President Roosevelt rates his "Silent Man" very highly.

By no means a young man, he braves anything to perform his missions; that is why he has become such a traditional figure, for 'tis said that nothing will hold him back.

Such men are worth a great deal to our leaders and to our cause. That they seek no publicity is to their credit. For, after all, in their quiet way they are playing a big part in the overthrow of the Axis. History, however, I have not the slightest doubt, will tell in full their story, a story that for obvious reasons I am not allowed to tell.

9. What is the colour of a three-penny stamp?

10. In what city is the Sistine Chapel?

11. What seven coins will total 8s. 10d.

12. Name three British birds beginning with "Wood"?

Answers to Quiz in No. 360

1. Water carrier.

2. (a) Philip Gibbs, (b) Eden Phillpotts.

3. Truro is in Cornwall; others are in Devon.

4. Will Hay.

5. Moths. (2,000 British species to only 68 different butterflies).

6. Fishing.

7. Hector, Hollyhock.

8. They bought it from a private owner for £417,14s. in 1827.

9. No. A pack of grouse.

10. No, they are native of America.

11. Daffodil.

12. Florida, Georgia, Kentucky.

## QUIZ for today



1. Perry is a small boat, drink, vegetable, stroke in fencing, town in Ireland?

2. Who wrote (a) The Queen's Necklace, (b) The Emperor's Candlesticks?

3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Chariot, Coach, Litter, Wagon, Wain, Limousine, Bicycle.

4. If a clock strikes the hours only, how many times is the bell struck in twelve hours?

5. What are the mountains between France and Spain called?

6. What is the name of the third book in the Bible?

7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Nonce, Nones, Nonagenarian, Nomad, Nincompoop, Nirvana.

8. What height from the ground should the top of a badminton net be?

# BUCK RYAN



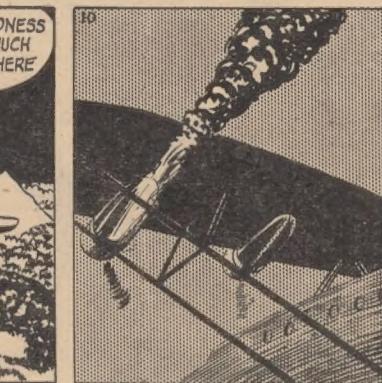
## STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe —

ON a number of occasions I have illustrated in this column the propaganda stamps of Soviet Russia. Gibbons are annoyed by the publicity accorded them in the newspapers. Here is what they write in Gibbons' Stamp Monthly:

"Our Russian friends know very well that it is impossible for dealers here to obtain import licences for Russian stamps at the present time, but the Press does not know this (sic), and so inadvertently creates a demand for stamps which are unobtainable."

"We do not know the official reasons for withholding import licences for supplies of Russian issues, but they are doubtless good ones, otherwise we should be able to obtain and supply collectors with the many interesting issues which have appeared in the past few months illustrating Russia's great war effort."



Editorial protest has appeared in the "Philatelic Magazine" against the practice of certain stamp journals in illustrating and listing wartime issues of enemy countries. It is not legal for dealers to handle enemy issues, and they do not find a place in Gibbons' Catalogue, which is a dealers' price-list.

Again, while realising the difficulties under which dealers labour, I think it unreasonable to ask that enemy issues reaching this country should be kept out of the news columns.

The collector wants to know about new issues, even though they can't be purchased at the moment. The "Daily Mirror" got hold of the alleged Himmelfeld stamp recently, and I bet thousands of their readers were glad to see what it looked like.

The new edition of Gibbons' British Empire Catalogue is now on sale at 10s. 6d. I note that the King George V Colonials have risen, and most commemoratives have advanced appreciably. The perforation varieties of current Colonial stamps have not been recorded by the compilers, with the exception of Kenya, Montserrat and Gibraltar. For the Kenya £1, perf. 11½ x 13½, in mint condition, £5 is asked, and the Gibraltar 10s., with perf. 14, is marked at £1 mint.

Great Britain generally is on the up-grade, and you can't get a Penny Black now for less than 20s. or a Two-pence blue under 25s. Most of the scarcer plate numbers have advanced.

That remarkable stamp the 5s. Sydney Bridge is now priced at 50s. mint and 45s. used, and the other Australian favourite, the 9d. MacArthur, is marked at 10s. mint or used.

Nowadays the market changes rapidly, and Gibbons show they are aware of this by remarking that, "the volume being closed for press in November, makes it certain that a number of the prices quoted will be out of date."

You see here four Hungarian stamps issued as far back as 1941, but not hitherto illustrated in the English philatelic Press, in aid of the Artists' Charity. They are simple, yet bold.

# Us Cuckoo-Competitors



Up the pole or how hard is your epidermis.



These gals thought it a pretty good idea to let the artist paint their backs just above the plimsoll line.



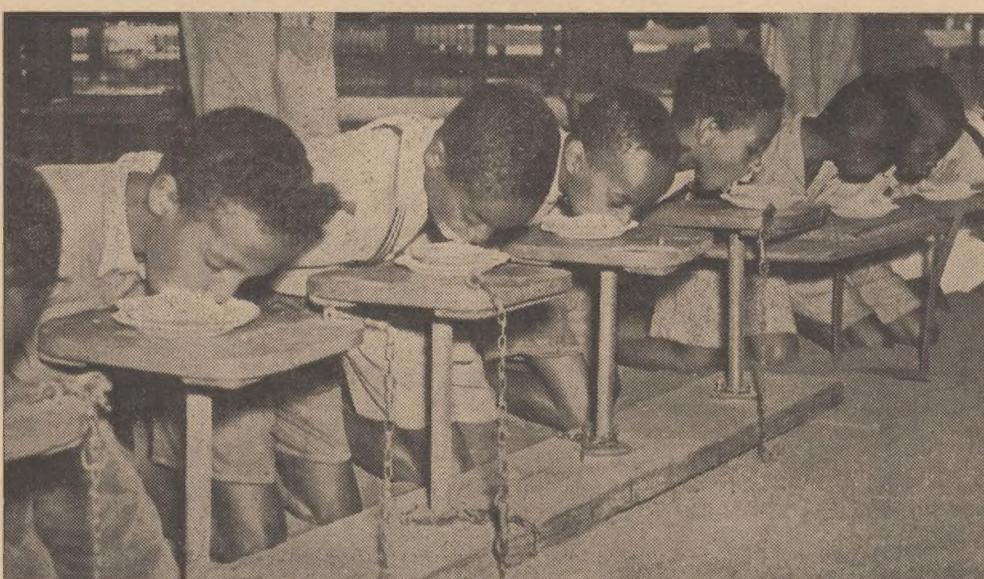
One way of keeping your blood pressure down. This bloke gets sealed up in ice regularly and is still a bachelor.



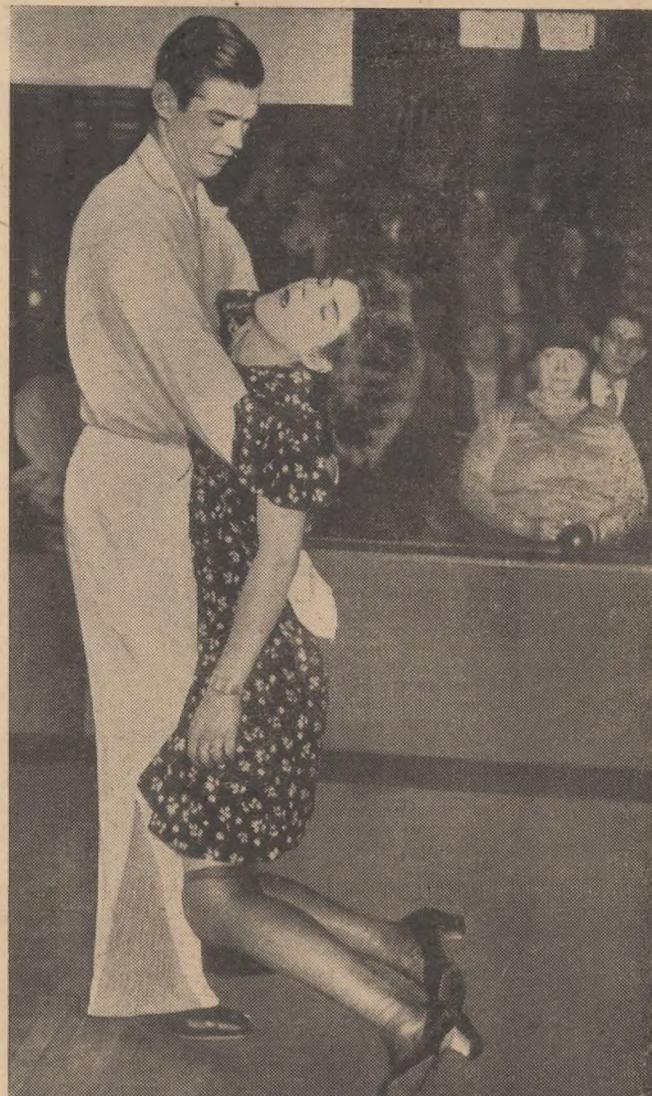
We gave this guy a bottle of Scotch and this is all he could think of.



This Rah-Rah college boy swallowing his twenty-seventh goldfish to get his degree of Doctor Piscatorial of Oshkosh University, Pa.



My, My! Seven little nigger boys all the way from Alabama guzzling banana pie. Winner did it in 69.5 seconds.



These rug-cutters have been 3,500 hours in the groove and are now coming up the straight to win a Chicago Heebie-Jeebie marathon.